

## In Woman's World.

**HELEN BRIDGEMAN**, says the New York Sun, has analyzed the "good dinner woman" as one who must be "neither too young nor too old; she must not be unpleasant to look upon, neither must she be a beautiful automaton; she must be quick, responsive, interesting and vivacious, but she must not monopolize the conversation and cause others to fight for their rights; she must have in her the spirit of the bonhomie, yet she must be the epitome of good breeding and refinement; in fine, she must be the most fascinating flower of a complex civilization." One could spell all this with four letters, tact, and tact in its highest form amounts to genius. It is probably the hardest grace to cultivate in the catalogue of virtues, for it embraces all the others. It is really the spirit and the letter of the golden rule, and its corner stone is unselfishness. The popular woman knows that every human being is happier to tell a good story than to hear one. It belongs to the general principle of being more blessed to give than to receive, and the good dinner woman, if one may be pardoned for using the lumbering phrase again, has this written as the first law in her decalogue. One of the few really gifted women in this particular said in a sudden burst of confidence the other day: "Nobody knows what downright hard work I do to earn my success. I keep a note book at hand, and every quaint expression, every good story, every amusing thing I see or read or hear, which I think will work up into a telling sentence, down it goes in classified order. Then I just sit down and cram for a dinner as a school girl does for examination. Want to know who I learned that from? Why, from the famous Chauncey. They say he has scrap books galore, full of all manner of jokes and good things. But with a woman it is different. You have to think of other people more than yourself when the dinner begins. My mind is just like my gown, after it is once ready I think no more about it. I try to find out the people I am to meet, what they are interested in, and then I lead up to appropriate topics, introducing them as adroitly as possible, fill in the gaps with my nonsense and get people to talking. That is the way to entertain them.

"I once went down to dinner with a famous man talker, and when we were seated a horrible faintness came over me from the closeness of the room, the perfume of the flowers. I felt that I must keep that man talking to keep people from noticing my silence and illness, and I did. The next day he told every body I was the brightest woman he ever saw. That was my cue. I have never forgotten it. I don't think, she said wistfully, "that the machinery ever shows. But I usually go home from a dinner as weary as a ballet girl after the performance. It is much easier to say the bright thing than to make some one else say it, but a smart woman is the worst kind of mistake. If she isn't married, married men all think that is the reason why—she is too smart. If she has a husband every one feels sorry for him.

### JAY GOULD'S SWEETHEART.

How the Financier Loved and Lost His First Choice.

If you will look in the "Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World" you will find among some thousand other entries this: "Gouldsborough, Lackawanna county, Pa., in Buck township, on the Lehigh river, about 18 miles S. by E. of Scranton. It has two churches and a tannery."

When Jay Gould was a youth Gouldsborough had not yet been named in his honor, and the village, if village there was, had not two churches, but did have a tannery, which Gould was master. The tannery was on a creek that separated two counties, and Jay Gould, a slender dark-eyed youth, lived hard by at a country tavern. This place, and especially this tavern, was the scene of Gould's earliest, perhaps his sole, romance. The tavern keeper had two daughters—one of them, Etta, a very pretty girl. The cold financier of after times was susceptible in those days and he fell in love with Etta. She returned his affection and the two became engaged.

At that time, however, Gould had given no hint of the powers that afterward won him enormous success. He was in financial difficulties and the sheriff of Lackawanna county had his eye upon the tannery. When matters got to their worst the sheriff swooped down upon the place, but found nothing. Gould had sentinels on watch and when the sheriff arrived, skinned, cured leather and whatever else was movable and valuable had been placed upon a raft and rowed beyond his jurisdiction into the next county. If neighborhood gossip is to be trusted, this happened more than once.

These tactics saved Gould's possessions, but lost him his sweetheart. The prudent host looked upon his prospective son-in-law as a bad financial investment and finally insisted that his daughter break off her engagement to marriage upon the ground that her lover stood in peril of the penitentiary. It is not known what protest either of the lovers made, but the father had his way, the engagement was broken off; Gould in time moved away and his former sweetheart became the wife of a gentleman named Day.

Gould in after years never forgot his former sweetheart. Mrs. Day was in course of time left a widow, and for some years she kept a boarding house in Atlantic City. During all this time Gould kept himself informed of her movements. When he became rich he sent her presents from time to time, and although he was a devoted husband he never permitted the memory of his early love affair to die out of his heart. Mrs. Day now lives in Westchester, and whatever other persons may say of the dead millionaire, she has for him nothing but kind words and pleasant memories.

### A Chapter on Hoopskirts.

Talking about hoopskirts, older *Tribune* readers will remember that they add great variety to the scenery. Discarded hoopskirts were impediments difficult to dispose of. A few were worked up into newspaper racks, wall pockets, etc. Once in a while a woman managed to run an old hoopskirt through a stove, though just how it was done only one man ever learned and he is dead. Going through a stove did not hurt a hoopskirt any. The only way a hoopskirt could be got into an ash barrel was to put the skirt over the outside of the barrel. Two hoopskirts filled an ordinary garbage wagon, so the scavengers would not touch them. The result was that while hoopskirts were in vogue the universe was more or less lumbered up with them. They disfigured back yards, alleys and streets in cities; they abounded in country fence corners; they tripped up barefooted boys, elderly

business men and timid maidens; they caught around the feet of horses and caused accidents, and mixed themselves up with the driving wheels of locomotive engines. Disgusted sportsmen pulled them from the bottom of the river when fishing, and astonished cattle caught them on their horns in unexpected places. In 1887, during the eclipse, the hoopskirt of Venus was caught on the right horn of the moon and the wreck of astronomical creation was narrowly averted. In digging the cellar for the new bank opposite the Tribune building a hoopskirt of the style of 1862 was unearthed, and similar resurrections may be expected for the next 1,000 years. The term "fashionable" does not apply to the hoopskirt.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

**A Love Song.**  
Why do I love thee so, sweetheart?  
I cannot tell. Love knows no why,  
I cannot reason, but I know  
The love I bear thee cannot die.

How do I love thee, dear?  
Love's signs are known to all the world,  
So plain that he who runs may read,  
His banner always is unfurled.

When thou art gone, dear heart, I see  
No beauty in the fairest things,  
No melody in songs of birds,  
No music in their rustling wings.

How do I know I love thee, dear?  
By what thou'lt make of this world to me,  
By the new joy I find in life,  
By all I mean my life to be.

By deeming all of womankind  
Perfect and pure, because of thee,  
By finding life worth living, dear,  
I know thou'lt 'till the world to me!

—*Fluence A. Jones in Literary Northwest.*

### BITING THE LIPS.

How Young Girls Disfigure Themselves by the Habit.

"If girls only knew," remarked a woman eminent in her profession as a physician, "how they disfigure themselves by continually biting their lips, I think that they would make the effort to break themselves of the habit.

"In infancy the red line of the lower edge of the lip is very clearly defined. Constant irritation with the upper teeth sometimes extends the red color for half or three-quarters of an inch below the original line and destroys the symmetry of the mouth. The lip becomes thickened and sometimes inflamed; frequently there are deep cracks or cracks, and the wind and sun burn and discolor it until it is almost a positive deformity.

"An ugly mouth is often the result of a habit which has its rise in the possession of a dimple. Who has not seen girls, and even middle-aged women, in street cars, making themselves absolutely ridiculous in their efforts to create a dimple by biting their lips? Every sensible person in the world who took the trouble to observe them at all was, doubtless, laughing at them for their folly, but, all unconscious, they kept on with this silly practice. Absolute remorse of the features should be taught every child as a part of its earliest lessons."—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

### For Shoppers and Buyers.

Russet leather of light and dark shades will be used again for low-cut summer shoes.

Ten cents worth of Castile soap in a \$20 silver box is one of the luxuries of the people who travel in style.

Don't drink unless you have bare bones that you want padded with tissue. Even cold water is fattening.

Patent leather makes very handsome low Oxford ties for summer use, and forms wide tips on shoes of other leather.

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, the author, has given \$10,000 for building a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand.

Both laced and buttoned shoes for walking are made of calfskin or with patent leather vamps and Dongola uppers.

Furled curtains can be bought ready for putting up from any furnishing house, but it is far less expensive to make them at home.

Many and varied are the materials and designs for thin curtains, but, perhaps, the prettiest are those made of soft net or muslin and finished with a dainty frill.

Five women have been decorating sleeping car interiors at Wilmington, Del., one of them being Miss Mabel Dunlap, a graduate of the Philadelphia School of Design.

Pointed and round toes are fashionable, but conservative women who think more of comfort than style prefer medium width toes that are almost square at the corners.

The cheap silk binding with which blankets are finished soon wears out. Button-hole the edge with a three-threaded Saxony wool, or with Scotch yarn, the color matching the border of the blanket.

Whatever material or coloring may be selected for thick curtains at this season of the year, inner curtains of white or cream are indispensable, and they form at any time a most pleasing addition to window draperies.

The heavy mullioned windows which are found in so many modern artistic houses should have the curtains suspended from the top of the first pane by means of a slender brass rod. Large bay windows require long, wide curtains, which look very pretty crossed at the top and arranged in graceful festoons.

### Swallowed Her Retrothal Ring.

An engagement ring nearly cost Miss Ida Womer of this city her life. Last night, when the young lady was preparing to retire, she placed the precious gold band between her lips. Lovingly but lightly she held it, and the tiny thing slipped into her mouth. With her tongue she tried to replace it between her lips, but the effort only forced the ring into her throat, and down it went. Fear and pain overcame the girl, and, calling for help, she sank upon the bed unconscious. A physician was summoned. For a time it seemed as if Miss Womer would succumb, but after several hours she rallied, and to-day, although not entirely well, is not by any means in a critical condition.—*Philadelphia Record*.

### Hints for the Household.

Use hartshorn to bring back colors faded by acids.

Unslaked lime cleans small articles of steel, such as buckles, etc.

See that the lamp wicks are turned down after trimming, else the lamps will be covered with oil.

Rub your stove off daily with newspaper; it will keep it in fine polish and it will not be so hard on one's hands.

By rubbing with a flannel dipped in whiting the brown discoloration may be taken off cups which have been used in baking.

The safest way to clean bronze is to rub it with a soft cloth slightly moistened with sweet oil, polishing afterward with an oil chamois.

A board a foot square and covered with tin or zinc and used to set hot kettles or pans upon is a great protection to the kitchen table.

Lemon juice will whiten frosting, cranberry or strawberry juice will color it pink and the grated rind of an orange strained through a cloth will color it yellow.

A pinch of sulphate of ammonia dropped

in the water in a hyacinth glass just when the flower spike is rising, will make the flowers come larger and more deeply colored than without it.

Half a dozen onions planted in the cellar, where they can get a little light, will do much towards absorbing and correcting the atmospheric impurities that are so apt to lurk in such places.

Kerosene will take iron rust and fruit stains from almost every kind of goods without injuring the fabric. Wash the soiled spot in kerosene as you would in water. The spots must be washed in the kerosene before they have been put into soap and water.

Half an ounce of ammonia to a quart of warm water. Stand the bristle side of the brush in the water for three minutes; then rub the brush dry with a towel. Be careful that the water does not get on the back of the brush. Stand the brush, bristles downward, until dry.

### Suggestions for Needlework.

A new quilt is composed of squares of white linen upon which Russian designs are painted; the squares are joined together with briar stitching.

The beautifully embroidered hand trimmings for dresses for all occasions are extremely fashionable and likely to continue so. The embroidery is executed in Byzantine, Turkish, and Persian styles, with colored metal and gold and silver thread.

New table squares, long sideboard scarf and table centers have a particularly pretty effect. They are entirely of drawn work, with the exception of a small square of linen in the center. This needs only a small design in each corner, with a small vine design in the narrow strip that is set in above the hem.

A sofa pillow is a very handy article, and one is made by taking two pieces of cream linen exactly square. Hem and work eyelid holes around both pieces. On one is outlined a bunch of ferns in shaded green silk. A pillow is made two inches larger than these pieces all around. A puffing of green satin is placed around the edge and the linen covers laced over this with crimson cord.

A pretty and commodious collar and cuff bag is made of yellow china silk, in a deep, oblong shape, tied at the bottom with white and gold cord, and the top held firm by four square pieces of cardboard, put on diamond-shaped, covered with white tapestry, stained with yellow flowers and laced together with cords. Above the square is a puff of yellow silk, which closes the top with strings.

**Death's Protest.**  
Why dost thou shrink from my approach, oh, man,  
Why dost thou ever flee in fear, and cling  
To my false rival life? I do but bring  
Thee rest and calm. Then wherefore dost thou  
And curse me? Since the forming of God's  
plan  
I have not hurt or harmed a mortal thing.  
Thee I show for aye the path for every soul,  
And peace eternal for earth's stormy span.

The wild, mad prayers for comfort sent in vain  
To knock at the indifferent heart of Life  
I, Death, have answered. Knowest thou not  
My cruel rival, who sends all thy pain,  
And wears thy soul out in unmeaning strife?  
Why dost thou hold to him, then, shunning  
me?

—*Edith Whittier in the Independent.*

### THE VENUS DE CALIFORNIA.

Candidates May Pose in Cheese-cloth Drapery or Without It.

The Venus of California is to be copied in marble, and the statue will be exhibited at Chicago during the fair, to show the world that the race and not perfect type of beauty is not that of Milo, nor that of Medici, nor that of Capua. A new model of the loveliest woman is to be given, and it is to be from the American West.

Nobody yet knows who the California Venus is, and the question must be determined by popular vote. There is about to be a contest for the distinction open to all native California women who reside in the state. Candidates will be required to have their physical charms considered by a committee of the local artists, and then to stand in similar review before all who wish to judge.

The statue of the new Venus is to be the central ornament in the California room of the Woman's building, and the beauty contest will be under the supervision of the lady who has charge of the room, Mrs. Frona Eunice Wait of this city. The scheme devised by Mrs. Wait will be carried out by her for the simple purpose of setting California beauty in its just and shining light before the world.

Says Mrs. Wait: "Our standard of beauty is the Venus of Milo, and the successful candidate in the contest will be the woman coming nearest to that statue in form and measurements. The contest, which begins immediately and will continue long enough to give all the state a fair chance in getting ready for the competition, is by means of photographs. Of course, the photographs need not be entirely from the nude. The candidate, when posing for photographs, may wear a drapery of cheese-cloth or crepe, which will conceal while yet revealing. The figure must be shown. The photograph must be in the Paris panel form, one of full-faced view and the other a profile.

"When the time for selection arrives we shall appoint a committee of three leading artists to select the photographs. These judges, having no information about the originals will select the three that are the best modelled. The woman who is chosen will then be asked to pose for the sculptor. Rupert Schmid has promised his services, and he will do his best work in making a life-size statue of our California beauty. An exact likeness of the face will be made, and the form will be in the exact proportions of the highest art.

Mr. Schmid, the sculptor, says the subject that he wants for the statue is the typical California beauty. "If the model insists on having the work done from measurement," said he yesterday, "we will do it that way, but the statue will be of less substantial material than I would otherwise use. A good Venus cannot be made from a tape-line. There are rules to go by in modelling from the measurements, but neither can you get a satisfactory and life-like figure from a set of rules. A woman should not object to posing if her statue is to be nude. Justice to herself requires it, and it is perfectly proper. The Greek goddesses had the highest principles of morality, but they wore little drapery. And so, when we come to model our California Venus she may be draped like a Greek goddess."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

### An Indian Water Bicycle.

From London Iron.

An Indian gentleman, Babu Jagadishwar Ghatak, of Chetla, Aitpur, has been startling the inhabitants of the interesting suburb of Calcutta by riding a machine of the fashion of a bicycle over rivers and ponds with apparent great ease and comfort. "It is," a vernacular paper informs us, "in the shape of a bicycle placed over two strong upright small horizontal buoys constructed sideways underneath the cycle. The man will take his seat on the cycle, even more comfortably than on an ordinary bicycle, and the machinery being propelled by the legs the cycle will cross safely over rivers and lakes without drenching the propeller." A recent public experiment of the inventor with his aquatic apparatus proved an immense success. Babu Jagadishwar, we read, "seated on his wondrous cycle of water, passed from Chetla through

Tolly's Nullah across the great river Hooghly into the botanical gardens, and the cycle was returned safely to the great joy of his friends and admirers." The round voyage, if the trip may be so styled, occupied five hours, a result which, as speeds in India go, may be classed as very good, but even this rate of progress is soon to be shortened by the water cyclist, who, by the way, is the proud possessor of a rice mill patent. Babu Jagadishwar's scheme is not a novelty, as an aquatic cycle created a stir in England and on the Continent some years ago.

### PLEASANT TO LOOK UPON.

An American Girl Is All Right When She Takes Care of Herself. From the New Orleans Picayune.

One of the wholesomest objects in life on which to feast the eye is a well-groomed girl. The phrase sounds a little horse, but it suggests a clean, well-scrubbed skin, a clear eye and a physical saintliness that is more beautiful than beauty. It does not always mean a cold bath, for, to many women, the cold plunge is dangerous and always harmful. But it does mean a daily bath, followed by a vigorous toweling; in fact, the toweling, rubbing the skin until it is as pink as a duchess of Brabant rose, is as efficacious as the bath. It means keeping the hair clean and sweet smelling, or rather scentless, a head of hair that is thoroughly brushed; one stroke of the brush and then one of the naked palm, as all good hair-dressers brush the hair, will keep the scalp clean, if it is washed once a month. A girl is insulted if you tell her her face is not clean—but unless she sometimes puts borax in the water or uses soap her face is not clean. The only infallible skin softener in the world is corn meal. Keep a cupful on your washstand, and after you have washed your face rub a handful of the dry meal all over it well and gently. Then brush it out of the eyebrows and your cheeks will feel as smooth as satin. The corn meal treatment should be combined with the hot wash. Often the cause of a muddy skin or a dull skin is the digestive organs, and can speedily be cured by a course in cathartics. A good physician says when his average patient complains of nervous prostration he gives a purgative pill. The lesson is easily learned. Many women have ruined their health by neglecting to learn it.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

**Change for the Passenger's \$10.**  
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There is a conductor on the Euclid avenue street car line who played a clever trick on a passenger the other morning, which has probably taught him to have his fare ready hereafter when he boards a car. The passenger lives away out at the end of the line, and was so punctual that he caught the same car every morning.

About a week ago he tendered a \$10 bill in payment for his fare. The conductor did not have so much money at the beginning of his trip and told the passenger that he would pay the nickel out of his own pocket and he could return it the following morning. The next morning the business man again presented a \$10 bill. Again the conductor paid the fare for him.

This occurred four mornings in succession. The fifth morning the same \$10 bill came around, but the conductor was prepared. He drew a heavy bag from beneath the seat and handed it to the passenger with the remark: "Here's your change, sir. It's all right. I've counted it." He had secured 1,000 pennies the night before and kept 25 of them for the fares he paid for the business man. The bag contained 975 copper coins. The passenger took the bag and rang for the car to stop. He now rides on another car.

### The Pursuit of Culture.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Bon soir!" said Mrs. Ollris, as she swept into the room. She said it with a delicate risin' inflection that she had learned with great care from her French teacher.

"I should say so," was the answer, "with all my rheumatism, I'll bet I've got about the sorest bones of any man in this ward."

"Dear! dear!" sighed the good woman, "How I do wish you'd go in more for culture and things. What are you reading?"

"Chaucer," but I can't say I like it much. When it comes to real first-class spelling, gimme Artemus Ward every time."

"Have you read that new book in the library about 'Plutarch'?"

"No. Who was he?"

"I'm so surprised at you. I really am. He was the mythological person who had so many lives. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes, he was," and she started to leave the room.

"Are you going out?"

"Yes, for a little walk."

"Would you object to doing a little errand?"

"None. What is it?"

"I want to send a letter of condolence to Mrs. Fursington. She's lost her husband, you know."

"Well, you don't want me to have it wrote, do you?"

"No indeed. But I want it proper. When you go by the stationery store, get me a bottle of sympathetic ink, there's a dear."

And Mrs. Ollris said he would.—*Detroit Free Press*.

### Funny Things Do Happen.

From the Rochester Union and Advertiser.

At the Lyceum theater last night two gentlemen sat in the front row next to the orchestra. Directly behind them sat a gentleman and his wife. A few moments before the curtain went up one of the gentlemen in the front row put his arm on the back of his companion's seat. While talking to his friend he felt a slight pinch on the arm. On looking around he saw that the lady behind him had turned to look up at the balcony, and in so doing had placed her hand on his arm. Realizing that she had done so unconsciously, he did not move his arm.

Soon, however, he felt a hard pinch. Thinking that the best way to call the lady's attention to what she was doing would be to ask if anything was wanted, the gentleman turned and asked:

"What is it, madam?"

"Sir," said the lady, and immediately the husband blazed up:

"What do you mean by speaking to my wife?" he demanded.

"Don't mean anything," was the reply, but I would like to know what your wife means by pinching my arm."

Then both men looked at the lady's hand, which still rested on the arm. Both smiled, became a little nervous and apologized. During the rest of the performance the lady kept her hand in her muff.

It is said 100 Mormon missionaries have been sent to Tennessee and Alabama to drum up converts. The missionaries should recall the experiences of General Weaver and Mrs. Leese down South, and come to sunny Kansas where converts by the hundreds can be had among the poplars for the asking.—*Kansas City Gazette*.



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